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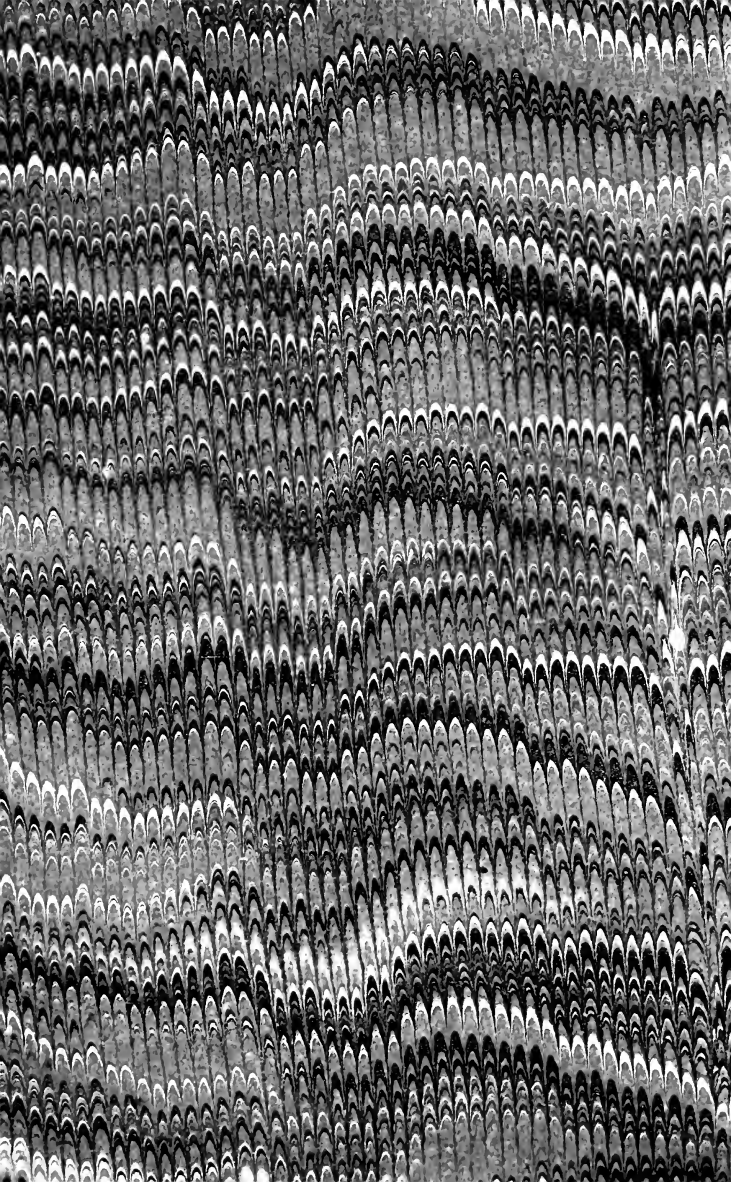
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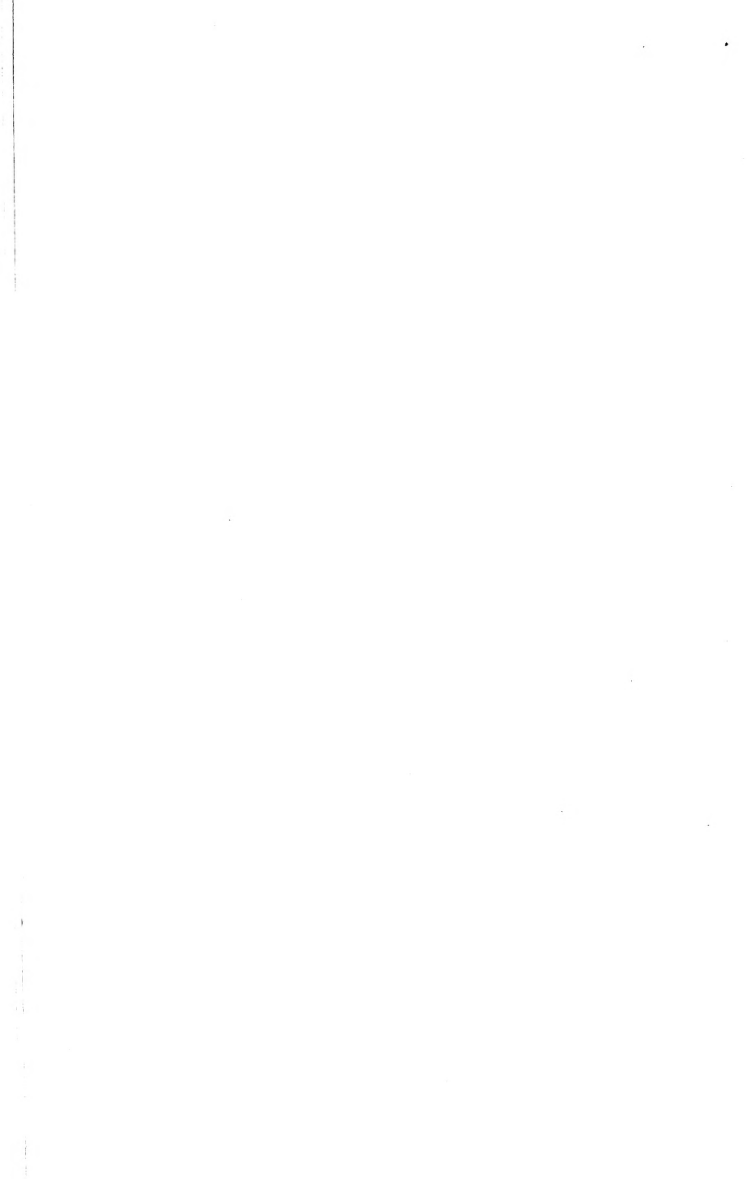














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## LIFE OF THACKERAY.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY, one of the most eminent novelists in the history of English literature, was born at Calcutta in 1811. His father was in the civil service of the East India Company, and dying young, left his son a fortune of one hundred thousand pounds. The future novelist, when a boy of seven years of age, was sent to England to be educated and placed in the famous Charter House School. He entered Cambridge University in due time, but left without taking his degree. He spent some time in Germany, and at Weimar formed the acquaintance of Goethe. Thackeray's ambition was to become an artist, and, to this end, he traveled over most of Europe, studying at Rome and Paris. His sketches were bright and clever, but did not show proof of a master-hand. He next took to literature, and this ever afterward became his constant study and occupation. With a patient and contented heart, he began to work at the lowest step of the ladder. Under several quaint pseudonyms, he became a constant contributor to "Fraser's Magazine," and wrote for it two of the best of his minor works, *The Great Hoggarty Diamond* and *Barry Lyndon*. Under the pseudonym of Titmarsh he wrote several volumes of sketches. In the mean time, Thackeray had lost his fortune through unsuccessful speculations, and was thus forced to do literary work to gain a living. The establishment of the London *Punch* afforded him a more congenial field than he had hitherto enjoyed. His *Snob Papers* and *James's Diary* were hailed with delight by a large circle of readers. The author's reputation was still more advanced by his novel of *Vanity Fair*, published in monthly parts in the style of *Pickwick*, during the years 1846-48. Thackeray illustrated the novel himself, or, as he expressed it, "illuminated with the author's own candle." In 1849, he began a second serial fiction, *Pendennis*, in which much of his own history and experiences is recorded. In 1851, the busy novelist gave a course of lectures on the "English Humorists of the Eighteenth Century," afterwards published in a volume with a course of lectures on the "Four Georges." These lectures are light, graceful sketches, full of passages of real power, tender pathos and eloquence. From

1852 to 1855 appeared two of Thackeray's great novels, *Henry Esmond* and *The Newcomes*. These were followed by *The Virginians*, *Philip, Lord the Widower*, and by a series of pleasant, gossipy essays called *Roundabout Papers* from which the following sketches have been selected. As editor of the "Cornhill Magazine" Thackeray had begun a new serial, *Dennis Duval*, which promised to be one of his most elaborate and highly finished novels, when he was cut off in the fullness of his busy life. He was found dead in his bed on the morning of the 24th of December, 1863. He had long been a sufferer from various physical maladies, among others of heart disease.

Like Fielding, the great master of fiction, Thackeray had the same hatred of all meanness, cant, and knavery, the same large sympathy, relish of life, thoughtful humor, keen insight, delicate irony, and wit. While Fielding was utterly careless as to censure of his works, Thackeray was keenly sensitive to criticism and hurt to the quick by the slightest attack. His strength lay in portraying character rather than inventing incidents. While his earlier writings were tinged with a spirit of bitter cynicism and caustic satire, his later works showed the mellowing influence of years and suffering, and the merciless satirist became the genial humorist and philosophical observer. The great characteristic of Thackeray was his humanity. This is the crown and glory of his work. While he had scorn for vice and falsehood, and satire for folly and pretence, he had smiles and tears and tenderness and charity for all that is true and good.

## WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY, 1811-1863.

His examples have all been efficacious in their teaching on the side of modesty and manliness, truth and simplicity.—*Anthony Trollope.*

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It is Thackeray's aim to represent life as it is actually and historically,—men and women as they are, in those situations in which they are usually placed, with that mixture of good and evil and of strength and foible which is to be found in their characters.—*David Masson.*

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THE highest purely English novelist since Fielding, he combined Addison's love of virtue with Dr. Johnson's hatred of cant, Horace Walpole's lynx-like eye for the mean and the ridiculous, with the gentleness and wide charity for mankind as a whole, of Goldsmith.—*James Hannay.*

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HE is one of the healthiest writers who has attained celebrity since the days of Scott and Byron. His style—and a man's style is, as it were, his mind's complexion—is an index of it. Agreeable, manly, colloquial English,—the English of cultivated men,—such is the clear atmosphere we breathe in reading him.—*London Athenæum.*

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IN his subtle, spiritual analysis of men and women, as we see them and live with them; in his power of detecting enduring passions and desires, the strengths, the weaknesses, the deceits of the race, from under the mask of ordinary worldly and town life, he stood and stands alone and matchless.—*Dr. John Brown.*

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THE last words he corrected in print were, "And my heart throbbed with an exquisite bliss." God grant that on that Christmas Eve, when he laid his head back on his pillow and threw up his arms as he had been wont to do when very weary, some consciousness of duty done and Christian hope throughout life humbly cherished may have caused his own heart so to throb when he passed away to his Redeemer's rest!—*Charles Dickens.*

## THACKERAY'S BEST WORKS.

THACKERAY was a voluminous writer. His characters are as life-like as those of Scott, and usually drawn with great power. His plots are loose and rambling, and the chief interest centres in the masterly dialogue. Thackeray's first, and as many consider it, his greatest novel, *Vanity Fair*, gives an account of two great characters in fiction,—the one, Becky Sharp, the sharp, clever, unscrupulous governess; the other, Amelia Sedley, sweet, amiable, pretty, but insipid. Pendennis, a man full of faults and weaknesses, is the hero of *Pendennis*. The Major, a worldly old beau, and George Warrington, who acts as the hero's good genius, are capitally drawn. *Esmond*, considered the most perfect of Thackeray's novels, is in the form of an autobiography supposed to be written in the time of Queen Anne. Dean Swift, Congreve, Addison and Steele are introduced as characters into this novel. *The Newcomes* relates the history of the simple, kind-hearted Colonel Newcome and sweet Ethel Newcome, his daughter, and the heroine of the story, the best of Thackeray's female characters and so esteemed by the author himself. *The Virginians*, a story of the times of Dr. Johnson, gives the history of the grandsons of Esmond. The war of the Revolution forms a part of the historical ground-work of the plot. Thackeray also wrote some admirable Christmas stories, full of charming grace and playful irony.

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## WHAT TO READ OF THACKERAY.

IN addition to the three sketches from *Roundabout Papers*, in this number of the English classics, the following papers, from the same volume, represent Thackeray at his best in this style of writing:—"On a Hundred Years Hence," "On Lett's Diary," "Notes on a Week's Holiday," "Ogres," "On Being Found Out," "On Two Children in Black." The Lectures on the *English Humorists*, especially that on "Sterne and Goldsmith," will afford delightful reading to the young student of literature. *The Four Georges* depicts the darker side of Germanized English court life. The domestic tragedy of "Farmer George," third of the name, is described with great pathos, closing with a passage full of mournful beauty and deep feeling. The preceding selections from Thackeray's writings do not, of course, represent his best work. For this we must turn to his great novels. The young student is advised to read enough of *Vanity Fair* to get a fair idea of the great character of Becky Sharp, and of *The Newcomes* to appreciate that lovely picture of womanhood in the character of the gentle Ethel Newcome. Other selections may well be left to the advice of some experienced student of Thackeray's works.

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## REFERENCES.

THE three best works on the life and writings of Thackeray's are Anthony Trollope's *Thackeray* in the "English Men of Letters Series," Blanchard Jerrold's "Day with Thackeray" in his *Best of All Good Company*, and James T. Fields's *Yesterday with Authors*. Dr. John Brown, of Edinburgh, author of "Rob and his Friends," wrote lovingly of the great novelist in the second series of his *Spare Hours*. Two of the best critical essays are to be found in Peter Bayne's *Essays in Biography*, and Whipple's *Character and Characteristic Men*. See also Hannay's *Studies on Thackeray*. Brimley's *Essays*, and the French view in Taine's *English Literature*. In Kellogg's *English Literature*, page 280, may be found references to the most noteworthy articles on Thackeray in the leading periodicals.



## ROUNABOUT PAPERS.

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"THOSE queer, delightful, rambling, thoroughly Thackerayesque *Roundabout Papers*, which many abuse but all delight in—frolics of genius 'wandering at its own sweet will' through all wildernesses of topics, past and present."—*William Francis Collier*.

### PREFATORY NOTE.

IN 1859, Thackeray undertook the last great work of his life, the editorship of *The Cornhill Magazine*, a periodical set on foot by a London publisher, with an amount of energy greater than has generally been bestowed upon such enterprises. The fact that Thackeray was to edit the new magazine attracted great attention, and undoubtedly caused the enormous sales which the early numbers had. While *The Cornhill* proved to be deservedly popular with the reading world, it was generally admitted that Thackeray was not a good editor. He was not the man to have a patient and scrupulous mastery over the perplexing details of an editor's daily work. Prone to work by fits and starts; unmethodical and keenly sensitive to the heart-rending appeals which accompanied the piles of manuscript laid on his table, Thackeray could not have been a successful editor. He resigned his editorship in April, 1862, but continued to write for the magazine until he died, the day before Christmas in 1863.

The "Roundabout Papers," from which we have taken the three following sketches, were published in *The Cornhill Magazine*. They are light, gossipy essays, and while they do not show the author at his best, are marked by a genial wit, tender pathos, and kindly sympathy, which characterizes the great novelist's rare charm of style.

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### Round about the Christmas Tree.

THE kindly Christmas tree, from which I trust every gentle reader has pulled a bonbon or two, is yet all aflame whilst I am writing, and sparkles with the sweet fruits of its season. You young ladies, may you have plucked pretty giftlings from it; and out of the cracker sugar-plum which you have split with the captain or the sweet young curate may you have read one of those delicious conundrums which the confectioners introduce into the sweetmeats, and which apply to the cunning passion of love. Those riddles are to be read at *your* age, when I dare say they are amusing. As for Dolly, Merry, and Bell, who are standing at the tree, they don't care about the love-riddle part, but understand the sweet-almoned portion very well. They are four,

five, six years old. Patience, little people! A dozen merry Christmases more, and you will be reading those wonderful love-conundrums too. As for us elderly folks, we watch the babies at their sport, and the young people pulling at the branches: and instead of finding bonbons or sweeties in the packets which *we* pluck off the boughs, we find enclosed Mr. Carnifex's<sup>1</sup> review of the quarter's meat; Mr. Sartor's compliments, and little statement for self and the young gentlemen: and Madame de Sainte-Crinoline's respects to the young ladies, who encloses her account, and will send on Saturday, please; or we stretch our hand out to the educational branch of the Christmas tree, and there find a lively and amusing article from the Rev. Henry Holyshade, containing our dear Tommy's exceedingly moderate account for the last term's school expenses.

The tree yet sparkles, I say. I am writing on the day before Twelfth Day,<sup>2</sup> if you must know; but already ever so many of the fruits have been pulled, and the Christmas lights have gone out. Bobby Miseltow, who has been staying with us for a week, comes to say he is going away to spend the rest of the holidays with his grandmother—and I brush away the manly tear of regret as I part with the dear child. “Well, Bob, good-by, since you *will* go. Compliments to grandmamma. Thank her for the turkey. Here's——” (*A slight pecuniary transaction takes place at this juncture, and Bob nods and winks, and puts his hand in his waistcoat pocket.*) “You have had a pleasant week?”

BOB.—“Haven't I!” (*And exit, anxious to know the amount of the coin which has just changed hands.*)

He is gone, and as the dear boy vanishes through the door I too cast up a little account of our past Christmas week.<sup>3</sup> When

1. **Mr. Carnifex, Mr. Sartor, etc.**—Notice the significance of the names of these imaginary characters. Carnifex literally means the maker of flesh; Sartor, Latin for tailor. The other names explain themselves.

2. **Twelfth Day.**—The twelfth day after Christmas (Jan. 6th) was in olden times the season of universal festivity. For full explanation see articles on “Epiphany” and “Jan. 6th” in Chambers's *Book of Days*.

3. **Christmas Week.**—The reader will find descriptions of the English celebration of Christmas-time in Dickens's *Christmas Carol* and Irving's *Sketch Book* and *Bracebridge Hall*.

Bob's holidays are over, I know Christmas will be an old story. All the fruit will be off the Christmas tree then; the crackers will have cracked off; the almonds will have been crunched; and the sweet-bitter riddles will have been read; the lights will have perished off the dark green boughs; the toys growing on them will have been distributed, fought for, cherished, neglected, broken. Ferdinand and Fidelia will each keep out of it the remembrance of a riddle read together, of a double almond munched together, and the moiety of an exploded cracker \* \* \* The maids, I say, will have taken down all that holly stuff and nonsense about the clocks, lamps, and looking-glasses, the dear boys will be back at school, fondly thinking of the pantomime fairies<sup>4</sup> whom they have seen and whose gaudy gossamer wings are battered by this time. Yet but a few days, Bob, and flakes of paint will have cracked on the fairy flower-bowers, and the revolving temples of adamantine lustre will be as shabby as the city of Pekin. When you read this, will Clown still be going on lolling his tongue out of his mouth, and saying, "How are you to-morrow?" To-morrow, indeed! He must be almost ashamed of himself (if that cheek is still capable of the blush of shame) for asking the absurd question. To-morrow, indeed! To-morrow the diffugient snows will give place to Spring; the snow-drops will lift their heads; Ladyday<sup>5</sup> may be expected, and the pecuniary duties peculiar to that feast; in place of bonbons, trees will have an eruption of light green knobs; the whitebait season will bloom \* \* \* as if one need go on describing these vernal phenomena, when Christmas is still here, though ending, and the subject of my discourse!

We have all admired the illustrated papers,<sup>6</sup> and noted how boisterously jolly they become at Christmas time. What wassail-

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4. **Pantomime Fairies.**—The Christmas pantomime plays as brought out at the London theatres are most important features of the Christmas festivities. They are gorgeous combinations of song and dance, of fun and parody, of fairy scenes and delicious music.

5. **Ladyday.**—One of the regular quarter-days in England on which rent is generally made payable. It is the 25th of March in each year.

6. **Illustrated Papers.**—The magnificent and costly Christmas numbers of the London Illustrated papers are to be found on almost every news stand on this side of the Atlantic. A sale of more than half a million copies of the most popular paper is claimed.

bowls, robin-redbreasts, waits, snow landscapes, bursts of Christmas song! And then to think that these festivities are prepared months before—that these Christmas pieces are prophetic! How kind of artists and poets to devise the festivities beforehand, and serve them pat at the proper time! We ought to be grateful to them, as to the cook who gets up at midnight and sets the pudding a boiling, which is to feast us at six o'clock. I often think with gratitude of the famous Mr. Nelson Lee—the author of I don't know how many hundred glorious pantomimes—walking by the summer wave at Margate,<sup>7</sup> or Brighton perhaps, revolving in his mind the idea of some new gorgeous spectacle of faëry, which the winter shall see complete. He is like cook at midnight. He watches and thinks. He pounds the sparkling sugar of benevolence, the plums of fancy, the sweetmeats of fun, the figs of—well, the figs of fairy fiction, let us say, and pops the whole in the seething cauldron of imagination, and at due season serves up THE PANTOMIME.

Very few men, in the course of nature, can expect to see *all* the pantomimes in one season, but I hope to the end of my life I shall never forego reading about them in that delicious sheet of *The Times*<sup>8</sup> which appears in the morning after Boxing-day. Perhaps reading is even better than seeing. The best way, I think, is to say you are ill, lie in bed, and have the paper for two hours, reading all the way down from Drury Lane<sup>9</sup> to the Britannia at Hoxton. Bob and I went to two pantomimes. One was at the Theatre of Fancy, and the other at the Fairy Opera, and I don't know which we liked the best.

Bob's behavior on New Year's day, I can assure Dr. Holyshade, was highly creditable to the boy. He had expressed a determination to partake of every dish which was put on the table; but after soup, fish, roast-beef, and roast-goose, he retired from active business until the pudding and mince pie made their

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7. **Margate—Brighton.**—Two fashionable and popular seaside resorts in England.

8. **The Times.**—The famous daily newspaper of London, popularly nicknamed as "The Thunderer."

9. **Drury Lane**—The oldest, as it is also the largest and handsomest, of the theatres proper of London. **Britannia.**—A commodious and unusually well built London theatre.

appearance, of which he partook liberally, but not too freely. Our young friend amused the company during the evening, by exhibiting a two-shilling magic-lantern, which he had purchased, and likewise by singing "Sally, come up!" a quaint, but rather monotonous melody, which I am told is sung by the poor negro on the banks of the broad Mississippi.

What other enjoyments did we proffer for the child's amusement during the Christmas week? A great philosopher was giving a lecture to young folks<sup>10</sup> at the British institution. But when this diversion was proposed to our young friend Bob, he said, "Lecture? No, thank you. Not as I knows on," and made sarcastic signals on his nose. Perhaps he is of Dr. Johnson's opinion about lectures: "Lectures, sir! what man would go to hear that imperfectly at a lecture which he can read at leisure in a book?" I never went, of my own choice, to a lecture; that I can vow. As for sermons, they are different; I delight in them, and they cannot, of course, be too long.

Well, we partook of yet other Christmas delights besides pantomime, pudding, and pie. One glorious, one delightful, one most unlucky and pleasant day, we drove in a brougham, with a famous horse, which carried us more quickly and briskly than any of your vulgar railways, over Battersea Bridge, on which the horse's hoofs rung as if it had been iron; through suburban villages, plum-caked with snow; under a leaden sky, in which the sun hung like a red-hot warming-pan; by pond after pond, where not only men and boys, but scores after scores of women and girls, were sliding, and roaring, and clapping their lean old sides with laughter, as they tumbled down, and their hob-nailed shoes flew up in the air; the air frosty with a lilac haze, through which villas, and commons, and churches, and plantations glimmered. We drive up the hill, Bob and I; we make the last two miles in eleven minutes; we pass that poor, armless man who sits there in the cold, following you with his eyes. I don't give anything, and Bob looks disappointed. We

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10. **Lecture to Young Folks.**—Familiar lectures on scientific subjects have been given in London during the holiday season for many years. Such men as Faraday, Tyndall and other eminent scientists have given these lectures.

are set down neatly at the gate, and a horse-holder opens the brougham door. I don't give anything; again disappointment on Bob's part. I pay a shilling apiece, and we enter into the glorious building,<sup>11</sup> which is decorated for Christmas, and straight-way forgetfulness on Bob's part of everything but that magnificent scene. The enormous edifice is all decorated for Bob and Christmas. The stalls, the columns, the fountains, courts, statues, splendors, are all crowned for Christmas. The delicious negro is singing his Alabama choruses for Christmas and Bob. He has scarcely done, when, Tootarootatoo! Mr. Punch<sup>12</sup> is performing his surprising actions, and hanging the beadle. The stalls are decorated. The refreshment-tables are piled with good things; at many fountains "MULLED CLARET" is written up in appetizing capitals. "Mulled Claret—oh, jolly! How cold it is!" says Bob; I pass on. "It's only three o'clock," says Bob. "No, only three," I say, meekly. "We dine at seven," sighs Bob, "and it's so-o-o coo-old." I still would take no hints. No claret, no refreshment, no sandwiches, no sausage-rolls for Bob. At last I am obliged to tell him all. Just before we left home, a little Christmas bill popped in at the door and emptied my purse at the threshold. I forgot all about the transaction, and had to borrow half a crown from John Coachman to pay for our entrance into the palace of delight. Now you see, Bob, why I could not treat you on that second of January when we drove to the palace together; when the girls and boys were sliding on the ponds at Dulwich; when the darkling river was full of floating ice, and the sun was like a warming-pan in the leaden sky.

One more Christmas sight we had, of course; and that sight I think I like as well as Bob himself at Christmas, and at all seasons. We went to a certain garden of delight,<sup>13</sup> where, whatever

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11. **Glorious Building.**—The Crystal Palace is about seven miles from London. Erected at a cost of nearly £1,500,000. The palace and grounds, which cover about 200 acres, were opened in 1854. Exhibitions and entertainments of almost every description are held within its precincts.

12. **Mr. Punch.**—Reference is made to the well-known and popular exhibition called "Punch and Judy."

13. **Certain Garden of Delight.**—Zoological Gardens, situated near the Regent's Park, London, and containing the largest and best-arranged collection of wild beasts and birds in the world.

your cares are, I think you can manage to forget some of them, and muse, and be not unhappy ; to a garden beginning with a Z, which is as lively as Noah's ark ; where the fox has brought his brush, and the cock has brought his comb, and the elephant has brought his trunk, and the kangaroo has brought his bag, and the condor his old white wig and black satin hood. On this day it was so cold that the white bears winked their pink eyes, as they plapped up and down by their pool, and seemed to say, "Aha, this weather reminds us of dear home!" "Cold! bah! I have got such a warm coat," says brother Bruin, "I don't mind;" and he laughs on his pole, and clocks down a bun. The squealing hyenas gnashed their teeth and laughed at us quite refreshingly at their window; and, cold as it was, Tiger, Tiger, burning bright, glared at us red-hot through his bars, and snorted blasts of hell. The woolly camel leered at us quite kindly as he paced round his ring on his silent pads. We went to our favorite places. Our dear wambat came up and had himself scratched very affably. Our fellow-creatures in the monkey-room held out their little black hands, and piteously asked us for Christmas alms. Those darling alligators on their rock winked at us in the most friendly way, The solemn eagles sat alone, and scowled at us from their peaks; whilst little Tom Ratel tumbled over head and heels for us in his usual diverting manner. If I have cares in my mind, I come to the Zoo, and fancy they don't pass the gate. I recognize my friends, my enemies, in countless cages. I entertained the eagle, the vulture, the old billy-goat, and the black-pated, crimson-necked, blear-eyed, baggy, hook-beaked old marabou stork yesterday at dinner; and when Bob's aunt came to tea in the evening, and asked him what he had seen, he stepped up to her gravely, and said :

"First I saw the white bear, then I saw the black,  
Then I saw the camel with a hump upon his back.

*Chorus of* } Then I saw the camel with a **HUMP** upon his back !  
*Children.* }

Then I saw the gray wolf, with mutton in his maw  
Then I saw the wambat waddle in the straw :  
Then I saw the elephant with his waving trunk,  
Then I saw the monkeys—mercy, how unpleasantly  
they—smelt !"

There. No one can beat that piece of wit, can he, Bob? And so it is all over; but we had a jolly time, whilst you were with us, hadn't we? Present my respects to the doctor; and I hope, my boy, we may spend another merry Christmas next year.

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## De Juventute.

*(Concerning Youth).*

OUR last paper of this veracious and roundabout series related to a period which can only be historical to a great number of readers of this Magazine. Four I saw at the station to-day with orange-covered books in their hands, who can but have known George IV.<sup>1</sup> by books, and statues, and pictures. Elderly gentlemen were in their prime, old men in their middle age, when he reigned over us. His image remains on coins; on a picture or two hanging here and there in a Club or old-fashioned dining-room; on horseback, as at Trafalgar Square,<sup>2</sup> for example, where I defy any monarch to look more uncomfortable. Charon has paddled him off; he has mingled with the crowded republic of the dead. His effigy smiles from a canvas or two. Breechless he bestrides his steed in Trafalgar Square. I believe he still wears his robes at Madame Tussaud's<sup>3</sup> (Madame herself having quitted Baker Street and life, and found him she modeled t'other side the Stygian stream). On the head of a five-shilling piece we still occasionally come upon him, with St. George,<sup>4</sup> the dragon-slayer, on the other side of the coin. Ah me! did this George slay many dragons? Was he a brave, heroic champion and rescuer of virgins? Well! well! have you and I overcome

1. **George IV.**—King of England from 1820 to 1830. The subject of one of Thackeray's lectures.

2. **Trafalgar Square.**—One of the great squares of London. Admiral Nelson's monument, with its four lions, is its most conspicuous feature.

3. **Madame Tussard.**—Tussard's exhibition of waxworks and Napoleonic relics is one of the oldest and popular exhibitions in London.

4. **St. George, the Dragon Slayer.**—The national saint of England, in consequence of the miraculous assistance rendered by him to the armies of the Christians under Godfrey de Bouillon during the first crusade.



all the dragons that assail *us*? come alive and victorious out of all the caverns which we have entered in life, and succored, at risk of life and limb, all poor distressed persons in whose naked limbs the dragon Poverty<sup>s</sup> is about to fasten his fangs, whom the dragon Crime is poisoning with his horrible breath, and about to crunch up and devour? O my royal liege! O my gracious prince and warrior! *You* a champion to fight that monster? Your feeble spear ever pierce that slimy paunch or plated back? See how the flames come gurgling out of his red-hot brazen throat! What a roar! Nearer and nearer he trails, with eyes flaming like the lamps of a railroad engine. How he squeals, rushing out through the darkness of his tunnel! Now he is near. Now he is *here*. And now—what?—lance, shield, knight, feathers, horse and all? O horror, horror! Next day, round the monster's cave, there lie a few bones more. You, who wish to keep yours in your skins, be thankful that you are not called upon to go out and fight dragons. Be grateful that they don't sally out and swallow you. Keep a wise distance from their caves, lest you pay too dearly for approaching them. Remember that years passed, and whole districts were ravaged, before the warrior came who was able to cope with the devouring monster. When that knight *does* make his appearance, with all my heart let us go out and welcome him with our best songs, huzzas, and laurel wreaths, and eagerly recognize his valor and victory. But he comes only seldom. Countless knights were slain before St. George won the battle. In the battle of life are we all going to try for the honors of championship? If we can do our duty, if we can keep our place pretty honorably through the combat, let us say, *Laus Deo!* at the end of it, as the firing ceases, and the night falls over the field.

The old were middle-aged, the elderly were in their prime, then, thirty years since, when yon royal George was still fighting the dragon. As for you, my pretty lass, with your saucy hat and golden tresses tumbled in your net, and you, my spruce young gentleman in your mandarin's cap (the young folks at the coun-

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5. **Poverty—Crime.**—For collateral reading, read the apostrophe to poverty and crime in Dickens's *Christmas Carol*.

try-place where I am staying are so attired), your parents were unknown to each other, and wore short frocks and short jackets, at the date of this five-shilling piece. Only to-day I met a dog-cart crammed with children—children with mustaches and mandarin caps—children with saucy hats and hair-nets—children in short frocks and knickerbockers (surely the prettiest boy's dress that has appeared these hundred years)—children from twenty years of age to six; and father, with mother by his side, driving in front—and on father's countenance I saw that very laugh which I remember perfectly in the time when this crown-piece was coined—in *his* time, in King George's time, when we were school-boys seated on the same form. The smile was just as broad, as bright, as jolly, as I remember it in the past—unforgotten, though not seen or thought of, for how many decades of years, and quite and instantly familiar, though so long out of sight.

Any contemporary of that coin who takes it up and reads the inscription round the laureled head, "Georgius IV. Britanniarum Rex. Fid: Def. 1823,"<sup>6</sup> if he will but look steadily enough at the round, and utter the proper incantation, I dare say may conjure back his life there. Look well, my elderly friend, and tell me what you see. First, I see a Sultan, with hair, beautiful hair, and a crown of laurels round his head, and his name is Georgius Rex. Fid. Def., and so on. Now the Sultan has disappeared; and what is that I see? A boy,—a boy in a jacket. He is at a desk; he has great books before him, Latin and Greek books and dictionaries. Yet, but behind the great books which he pretends to read, is a little one, with pictures, which he is really reading. It is—yes, I can read now—it is the "Heart of Mid Lothian,"<sup>7</sup> by the author of "Waverley"—or, no, it is "Life in London, or the Adventures of Corinthian Tom, Jeremiah Hawthorn, and their friend Bob Logic," by Pierce Egan;<sup>7</sup> and it has pictures—oh, such funny pictures! As he reads, there comes behind the

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6. **Georgius IV.. etc.**—This Latin inscription translated means, "George the Fourth, King of the Britains, Defender of the Faith (Fidei Defensor). 1823."

7. **Heart of Mid Lothian.**—One of Scott's most popular novels. **Pierce Egan.**—A writer of sensational romances, also a frequent contributor to the London press.

boy, a man, a dervish, in a black gown, like a woman, and a black square cap, and he has a book in each hand, and he seizes the boy who is reading the picture book, and lays his head upon one of his books, and smacks it with the other. The boy makes faces, and so that picture disappears.

Now the boy has grown bigger. *He* has got on a black gown and cap, something like the dervish: He is at a table, with ever so many bottles on it, and fruit, and tobacco; and other young dervishes come in. They seem as if they were singing. To them enters an old moollah, he takes down their names, and orders them all to go to bed. What is this? a carriage, with four beautiful horses all galloping—a man in red is blowing a trumpet. Many young men are on the carriage—one of them is driving the horses. Surely they won't drive into that? ——— ah! they have all disappeared. And now I see one of the young men alone. He is walking in a street—a dark street—presently a light comes to a window. There is the shadow of a lady who passes. He stands there till the light goes out. Now he is in a room scribbling on a piece of paper, and kissing a miniature every now and then. They seem to be lines each pretty much of a length. I can read *heart, smart, dart; Mary, fairy; Cupid, stupid; true, you;* and never mind what more. Bah! it is bosh. Now see, he has got a gown on again, and a wig of white hair on his head, and he is sitting with other dervishes in a great room full of them, and on a throne in the middle is an old Sultan in scarlet, sitting before a desk, and he wears a wig too—and the young man gets up and speaks to him. And now what is here? He is in a room with ever so many children, and the miniature hanging up. Can it be a likeness of that woman who is sitting before that copper urn, with a silver vase in her hand, from which she is pouring hot liquor into cups? Was *she* ever a fairy? She is as fat as a hippopotamus now.

They say that cookery is much improved since the days of *my* monarch—of George IV. *Pastry Cookery* is certainly not so good. I have often eaten half-a-crown's worth (including, I trust, ginger-beer) at our school pastrycook's, and that is a proof that the pastry must have been very good, for could I do as

much now? I passed by the pastrycook's shop lately, having occasion to visit my old school. It looked a very dingy old baker's; misfortunes may have come over him—those penny tarts certainly did *not* look so nice as I remember them; but he may have grown careless as he has grown old (I should judge him to be now about ninety six years of age), and his hand may have lost its cunning.

Not that we were not great epicures. I remember how we constantly grumbled at the quantity of the food in our master's house—which on my conscience I believe was excellent and plentiful and how we tried once or twice to eat him out of house and home. At the pastrycook's we may have over-eaten ourselves (I have admitted half-a-crown's worth for my own part, but I don't like to mention the *real* figure for fear of perverting the present generation of boys by my own monstrous confession)—we may have eaten too much, I say. We did; but what then? The school apothecary was sent for: a couple of small globules at night, a trifling preparation of senna in the morning, and we had not to go to school, so that the draught was an actual pleasure.

For our amusements, besides the games in vogue, which were pretty much in old times as they are now. There were novels—ah! I trouble you to find such novels in the present day! O *Scottish Chiefs*,<sup>8</sup> didn't we weep over you! O *Mysteries of Udolpho*,<sup>8</sup> didn't I and Briggs Minor draw pictures out of you, as I have said? Efforts, feeble indeed, but still giving pleasure to us and our friends. "I say, old Boy, draw us Vivaldi tortured in the Inquisition," or "Draw us Don Quixote and the wind-mills, you know," amateurs would say, to boys who had love of drawing. "*Peregrine Pickle*"<sup>9</sup> we liked, our fathers admiring it, and telling us (the sly old boys) it was capital fun; but I think I was rather bewildered by it, though "*Roderick Random*"

8. *Scottish Chiefs*.—The name of a romantic and popular novel by Jane Porter (1776-1850). *Mysteries of Udolpho*.—A sensational novel by Mrs. Ann Radcliffe (1764-1823).

9. *Peregrine Pickle*—*Roderick Random*.—Two novels by Smollet (1721-1771).

was and remains delightful. I don't remember having Sterne<sup>10</sup> in the school library, no doubt because the works of that divine were not considered decent for young people. Ah! not against thy genius, O father of Uncle Toby and Trim, would I say a word in disrespect. But I am thankful to live in times when men no longer have the temptation to write so as to call blushes on women's cheeks, and would shame to whisper wicked allusions to honest boys. Then, above all, we had WALTER SCOTT,<sup>11</sup> the kindly, the generous, the pure—the companion of what countless delightful hours; and purveyor of how much happiness; the friend whom we recall as the constant benefactor of our youth! How well I remember the type and the brownish paper of the old duodecimo "Tales of my Landlord!" I have never dared to read the "Pirate," and the "Bride of Lammermoor," or "Kenilworth," from that day to this, because the final is unhappy, and people die, and are murdered at the end. But "Ivanhoe," and "Quentin Durward!" Oh! for a half-holiday, and a quiet corner, and one of those books again! Those books, and perhaps those eyes with which we read them; and, it may be, the brains behind the eyes! It may be the tart was good; but how fresh the appetite was! If the gods would give me the desire of my heart, I should be able to write a story which boys would relish for the next few dozen of centuries. The boy-critic loves the story: grown up, he loves the author who wrote the story. Hence the kindly tie is established between writer and reader, and lasts pretty nearly for life. I meet people now who don't care for Walter Scott, or the "Arabian Nights." I am sorry for them, unless they in their time have found *their* romancer—their charming Scherazade. By the way, Walter, when you are writing, tell me who is the favorite novelist in the fourth form now? Have you got anything so good and kindly as

10. **Lawrence Sterne.**—1713-1768. An eccentric and brilliant novelist. In *Tristram Shandy*, a biographical romance, the characters of UNCLE TOBY, a veteran officer, and his servant, CORPORAL TRIM, are conceived and executed in the finest spirit of humor, tenderness, and observation.

11. **Sir Walter Scott.**—1771-1832. One of the few great masters of fiction, author of the "Waverley Novels."

dear Miss Edgeworth's<sup>12</sup> *Frank*? It used to belong to a fellow's sisters generally; but though he pretended to despise it, and said, "Oh, stuff for girls!" he read it; and I think there were one or two passages which would try my eyes now, were I to meet with the little book.

As for Thomas and Jeremiah (it is only my witty way of calling Tom and Jerry), I went to the British Museum<sup>13</sup> the other day on purpose to get it; but somehow, if you will press the question too closely, on reপরusal, Tom and Jerry is not so brilliant as I had supposed it to be. The pictures are just as fine as ever; and I shook hands with broad-backed Jerry Hawthorn and Corinthian Tom with delight, after many years' absence. But the style of the writing, I own, was not pleasing to me; I even thought it a little vulgar—well! well! other writers have been considered vulgar—and as a description of the sports and amusements of London in the ancient times, more curious than amusing.

But the pictures!—oh! the pictures are noble still! First, there is Jerry arriving from the country, in a green coat and leather gaiters, and being measured for a fashionable suit at Corinthian House, by Corinthian Tom's tailor. Then away for the career of pleasure and fashion. The park! delicious excitement! The theatre! the saloon!! the green-room!!! Rapturous bliss—the opera itself! and then perhaps to Temple Bar. There are Jerry and Tom and Jerry. A *turn* or two in Bond Street, a *stroll* through Piccadilly, a *look in* at TATTERSALL'S, a *ramble* through Pall Mall, and a *strut* on the Corinthian path, fully occupied the time of our heroes until the hour for dinner arrived."

How nobly those inverted commas, those italics, those capitals,

12. **Maria Edgeworth.**—1767-1849. One of the most popular writers of the early part of this century. Her stories for the young, as *Harriet and Lucy* and *Simple Susan*, are still remembered. Speaking of the latter story, Scott, who prized Miss Edgeworth's tales, said, "There's nothing for it but just to put down the book and cry."

13. **British Museum.**—The great national storehouse of the treasures and curiosities of science, art and literature. In the library alone there are 1,300,000 printed volumes. It is situated in Great Russell St., London, and is open to the public under the most liberal rules.

bring out the writer's wit and relieve the eye! They are as good as jokes, though you mayn't quite perceive the point. Mark the varieties of lounge in which the young men indulge—now *a stroll*, then *a look in*, then *a ramble*, and presently *a strut*. When George, Prince of Wales, was twenty, I have read in an old Magazine, “the Prince's lounge” was a peculiar manner of walking which the young bucks imitated. At Windsor George III.<sup>14</sup> had *a cat's path*—a sly early walk which the good old king took in the gray morning before his household was astir. What was the Corinthian path here recorded? Does any antiquary know?

So the game of life proceeds, until Jerry Hawthorn, the rustic, is forced to go home, and the last picture represents him getting into the coach at the “White Horse Cellar,” he being one of six inside; whilst his friends shake him by the hand; whilst the sailor mounts on the roof; whilst the Jews hang round with oranges, knives, and sealing-wax: whilst the guard is closing the door. Where are they now, those sealing-wax vendors? where are the guards? where are the jolly teams? where are the coaches? and where the youth that climbed inside and out of them; that heard the merry horn which sounds no more; that saw the sun rise over Stonehenge; that rubbed away the bitter tears at night after parting as the coach sped on the journey to school and London; that looked out with beating heart as the milestones flew by, for the welcome corner where began home and holidays?

It is night now: and here is home. Gathered under the quiet roof elders and children lie alike at rest. In the midst of a great peace and calm, the stars look out from the heavens. The silence is peopled with the past; sorrowful remorses for sins and shortcomings—memories of passionate joys and griefs rise out of their graves, both now alike calm and sad. Eyes, as I shut mine, look at me, that have long ceased to shine. The town and the fair landscape sleep under the starlight, wreathed in the autumn mists. Twinkling among the houses a light keeps watch here and there, in what may be a sick chamber or two. The clock tolls sweetly in the silent air. Here is night and rest. An awful

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14. **George III.**—King of England for sixty years, from 1760 to 1820.

sense of thanks makes the heart swell, and the head bow, as I pass to my room through the sleeping house, and feel as though a hushed blessing were upon it.

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### Nil Nisi Bonum.

(*Nothing Unless Good.*)

ALMOST the last words which Sir Walter Scott spoke to Lockhart,<sup>1</sup> his biographer, were, "Be a good man, my dear!" and with the last flicker of breath on his dying lips, he sighed a farewell to his family, and passed away blessing them.

Two men,<sup>2</sup> famous, admired, beloved, have just left us, the Goldsmith and the Gibbon of our time. Ere a few weeks are over, many a critic's pen will be at work, reviewing their lives, and passing judgment on their works. This is no review, or history, or criticism: only a word in testimony of respect and regard from a man of letters, who owes to his own professional labor the honor of becoming acquainted with these two eminent literary men. One was the first ambassador<sup>3</sup> whom the New World of Letters sent to the Old. He was born almost with the republic; the *pater patriæ* had laid his hand<sup>4</sup> on the child's head. He bore Washington's name: he came amongst us bringing the kindest sympathy, the most artless, smiling good-will. His new country could send us, as he showed in his own person, a gentleman who, though himself born in no very high sphere, was most finished, polished, easy, witty, quiet; and, socially, the equal of the most refined Europeans. If Irving's welcome in England

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1. **Lockhart.**—John Gibson Lockhart (1784-1854), the son-in-law of Sir Walter Scott and author of four novels and several biographies. His fame rests upon his *Life of Sir Walter Scott*.

2. **Two Men, etc.**—Washington Irving, "the Goldsmith of America," died November 28, 1859; Lord Macaulay, the distinguished essayist and historian, died December 28, 1859.

3. **First Ambassador.**—Irving went abroad, at the close of the war of 1812, and remained for seventeen years. His *Sketch Book*, which gave him a national fame, was published in 1819.

4. **Laid his Hand.**—A well-known incident in the childhood of Irving.



was a kind one, was it not also gratefully remembered? If he ate our salt, did he not pay us with a thankful heart? Who can calculate the amount of friendliness and good feeling for our country which this writer's generous and untiring regard for us disseminated in his own? His books are read by millions<sup>5</sup> of his countrymen, whom he has taught to love England, and why to love her. It would have been easy to speak otherwise than he did: to inflame national rancors, which, at the time when he first became known as a public writer, war had just renewed: to cry down the old civilization at the expense of the new: to point out our faults, arrogance, shortcomings, and give the republic to infer how much she was the parent state's superior. There are writers enough in the United States, honest and otherwise, who preach that kind of doctrine. But the good Irving, the peaceful, the friendly, had no place for bitterness in his heart, and no scheme but kindness. Received in England with extraordinary tenderness and friendship (Scott, Southey, Byron, a hundred others have borne witness to their liking for him), he was a messenger of good-will and peace between his country and ours. "See, friends!" he seems to say, "these English are not so wicked, rapacious, callous, proud, as you have been taught to believe them. I went amongst them a humble man; won my way by my pen; and, when known, found every hand held out to me with kindness and welcome. Scott is a great man, you acknowledge. Did not Scott's King of England give a gold medal to him, and another to me, your countryman, and a stranger?"

Tradition in the United States still fondly retains the history of the feasts and rejoicings which awaited Irving on his return to his native country from Europe. He had a national welcome; he stammered in his speeches, hid himself in confusion, and the people loved him all the better. He had worthily represented America in Europe. In that young community a man who brings home with him abundant European testimonials is still

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5. **Read by Millions.**--Irving's writings enjoyed a remarkable sale during his lifetime. Since the expiration of the copyright, various editions cheaply printed for popular use have had a large sale.

treated with respect (I have found American writers, of wide-world reputation, strangely solicitous about the opinions of quite obscure British critics, and elated or depressed by their judgments); and Irving went home medaled by the King, diplomatized by the University, crowned and honored and admired. He had not in any way intrigued for his honors, he had fairly won them; and, in Irving's instance, as in others, the old country was glad and eager to pay them.

In America the love and regard for Irving was a national sentiment. Party wars are perpetually raging there, and are carried on by the press with a rancor and fierceness against individuals which exceed British, almost Irish, virulence. It seemed to me, during a year's travel<sup>6</sup> in the country, as if no one ever aimed a blow at Irving. All men held their hand from that harmless, friendly peacemaker. I had the good fortune to see him at New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington,\* and remarked how in every place he was honored and welcome. Every large city has its "Irving House." The country takes pride in the fame of its men of letters. The gate of his own charming little domain<sup>7</sup> on the beautiful Hudson River was forever swinging before visitors who came to him. He shut out no one.† I had seen many pictures of his house, and read descriptions of it, in both of which it was treated with a not unusual American

6. **Year's Travel.**—Thackeray gave his lectures on the "Four Georges" and the "English Humorists" in this country. Mr. Fields has given a charming account of Thackeray's visit in his *Yesterday with Authors*.

7. **Little Domain.**—After Irving's return from his long residence abroad, he bought the small stone cottage, the home of the Van Tassels, the "Roost," of the unfortunate Wolfert. This historic place became famous as "Sunnyside," the home of Irving's declining years. It is in the village of Tarrytown, on the Hudson, some twenty-five miles from New York.

\* At Washington. Mr. Irving came to a lecture given by the writer, which Mr. Filmore and General Pierce, the President and President Elect, were also kind enough to attend together. "Two Kings of Brentford smelling at one rose," says Irving, looking up with his good-humored smile.

† Mr. Irving described to me with that humor and good-humor which he always kept, how, amongst other visitors, a member of the British press who had carried his distinguished pen to America (where he employed it in vilifying his own country) came to Sunnyside, introduced himself to Irving, partook of his wine and luncheon, and in two days described Mr. Irving, his house, his nieces, his meal, and his manner of dozing afterwards, in a New York paper. On another occasion, Irving said, laughing, "Two persons came to me, and one held me in conversation whilst the other miscreant took my portrait!"

exaggeration. It was but a pretty little cabin of a place; the gentleman of the press who took notes of the place, whilst his kind old host was sleeping, might have visited the whole house in a couple of minutes.

And how came it that this house was so small, when Mr. Irving's books were sold by hundreds of thousands, nay, millions, when his profits were known to be large, and the habits of life of the good old bachelor were notoriously modest and simple? He had loved once<sup>8</sup> in his life. The lady he loved died; and he, whom all the world loved, never sought to replace her. I can't say how much the thought of that fidelity has touched me. Does not the very cheerfulness of his after life add to the pathos of that untold story? To grieve always was not in his nature; or, when he had his sorrow, to bring all the world in to condole with him and bemoan it. Deep and quiet he lays the love of his heart, and buries it; and grass and flowers grow over the scarred ground in due time.

Irving had such a small house and such narrow rooms, because there was a great number of people to occupy them. He could only afford to keep one old horse (which, lazy and aged as it was, managed once or twice to run away with that careless old horseman). He could only afford to give plain sherry to that amiable British paragraph-monger from New York, who saw the patriarch asleep over his modest, blameless cup, and fetched the public into his private chamber to look at him. Irving could only live very modestly, because the wifeless, childless man had a number of children to whom he was as a father. He had as many as nine nieces, I am told—I saw two of these ladies at his house—with all of whom the dear old man had shared the produce of his labor and genius.

“*Be a good man, my dear!*” One can't but think of these last words of the veteran Chief of Letters, who had tasted and tested the value of worldly success, admiration, prosperity. Was

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8. **Had loved once.**—In his youth, Irving was betrothed to Matilda Hoffman, who died in her eighteenth year. He remained faithful to her memory, and her Bible, kept for so many years, was on a table at his bedside when he died.

Irving not good, and, of his works, was not his life the best part? In his family, gentle, generous, good-humored, affectionate, self-denying: in society, a delightful example of complete gentlemanhood; quite unspoiled by prosperity; never obsequious to the great (or, worse still, to the base and mean, as some public men are forced to be in his and other countries); eager to acknowledge every contemporary's merit; always kind and affable to the young members of his calling; in his professional bargains and mercantile dealings delicately honest and grateful; one of the most charming masters of our lighter language: the constant friend to us and our nation; to men of letters doubly dear, not for his wit and genius merely, but as an exemplar of goodness, probity and pure life:—I don't know what sort of testimonial will be raised to him in his own country, where generous and enthusiastic acknowledgment of American merit is never wanting: but Irving was in our service as well as theirs; and as they have placed a stone at Greenwich yonder in memory of that gallant young Bellot, who shared the perils and fate of some of our Arctic seamen, I would like to hear of some memorial raised by English writers and friends of letters in affectionate remembrance of the dear and good Washington Irving.

As for the other writer, whose departure many friends, some few most dearly-loved relatives, and multitudes of admiring readers deplore, our republic has already decreed his statue, and he must have known that he had earned this posthumous honor. He is not a poet and a man of letters merely, but citizen, statesman, a great British worthy. Almost from the first moment when he appears, amongst boys, amongst college students, amongst men, he is marked, and takes rank as a great Englishman. All sorts of successes are easy to him: as a lad<sup>9</sup> he goes down into the arena with others, and wins all the prizes to which he has a mind. A place in the senate is straightway offered to the young man. He takes his seat there; he speaks, when so

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9 As a Lad.—Wonderful stories are told of Macanlay's precocity. While a child he wrote a universal history and several historical poems of great length. Before twenty-five, he had written his masterly essay on Milton, and at thirty was a member of Parliament. In 1834, Macanlay went to India as a member of the Supreme Council, an honorable and lucrative position.

mined, without party anger or intrigue, but not without party faith and a sort of heroic enthusiasm for his cause. Still he is poet and philosopher even more than orator. That he may have leisure and means to pursue his darling studies, he absents himself for a while, and accepts a richly-remunerative post in the East. As learned a man may live in a cottage or a college-common-room; but it always seemed to me that ample means and recognized rank were Macaulay's as of right. Years ago there was a wretched outcry raised because Mr. Macaulay dated a letter from Windsor Castle, where he was staying. Immortal gods! Was this man not a fit guest for any palace in the world? or a fit companion for any man or woman in it? I dare say, after Austerlitz,<sup>10</sup> the old K. K. court officials and footmen sneered at Napoleon for dating from Schönbrunn. But that miserable "Windsor Castle" outcry is an echo out of fast-retreating old-world remembrances. The place of such a natural chief was amongst the first of the land; and that country is best, according to our British notion at least, where the man of eminence has the best chance of investing his genius and intellect.

If a company of giants were got together, very likely one or two of the mere six-feet-six people might be angry at the incontestable superiority of the very tallest of the party; and so I have heard some London wits, rather peevish at Macaulay's superiority, complain that he occupied too much of the talk, and so forth. Now that that wonderful tongue is to speak no more, will not many a man grieve that he no longer has the chance to listen? To remember the talk is to wonder: to think not only of the treasures he had in his memory, but of the trifles he had stored there, and could produce with equal readiness. Almost on the last day I had the fortune to see him, a conversation happened suddenly to spring up about senior wranglers, and what they had done in after life. To the almost terror of the persons present, Macaulay began with the senior wrangler of 1801-2-3-4, and so on, giving the name of each, and relating his subsequent

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10. **Austerlitz**.—Celebrated as the place where Napoleon I., in December, 1805, defeated the combined forces of Austria and Russia. **Schonbrunn**, a royal palace in the outskirts of Vienna, the summer residence of the imperial family.

career and rise. Every man who has known him has his story regarding that astonishing memory.<sup>11</sup> It may be that he was not ill-pleased that you should recognize it; but to those prodigious intellectual feats, which were so easy to him, who would grudge his tribute to homage? His talk was, in a word, admirable, and we admired it.

Of the notices which have appeared regarding Lord Macaulay, up to the day when the present lines are written, the reader should not deny himself the pleasure of looking especially at two. It is a good sign of the times when such articles as these (I mean the articles in *The Times* and *Saturday Review*) appear in our public prints about our public men. They educate us, as it were, to admire rightly. An uninstructed person in a museum or at a concert may pass by without recognizing a picture or a passage of music, which the connoisseur by his side may show him is a masterpiece of harmony, or a wonder of artistic skill. After reading these papers you like and respect more the person you have admired so much already. And so with regard to Macaulay's style there may be faults of course—what critic can't point them out? But for the nonce we are not talking about faults: we want to say *nil nisi bonum*. Well—take at hazard any three pages of the "Essays" or "History;"—and, glimmering below the narrative, as it were, you, an average reader, see one, two, three, a half-score of allusions to other historic facts, characters, literature, poetry, with which you are acquainted. Why is this epithet used? Whence is that simile drawn? How does he manage, in two or three words, to paint an individual or to indicate a landscape? Your neighbor, who has *his* reading, and his little stock of literature stowed away in his mind, shall detect more points, allusions, happy touches, indicating not only the prodigious memory and vast learning of this master, but the wonderful industry, the honest, humble previous toil of this great scholar. He reads twenty books to write a sentence; he travels a hundred miles to make a line of description.

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11. **Astonishing Memory.**—Macaulay had a most remarkable memory, of which he was very proud. For other details see Trevelyan's *Life of Macaulay*, vol. ii., chap. xi.

Many Londoners—not all—have seen the British Museum Library. I speak *à cœur ouvert*, and pray the kindly reader to bear with me. I have seen all sorts of domes of Peters<sup>12</sup> and Pauls, Sophia, Pantheon,—what not?—and have been struck by none of them so much as by that catholic dome in Bloomsbury, under which our million volumes are housed. What peace, what love, what truth, what beauty, what happiness for all, what generous kindness for you and me, are here spread out! It seems to me one cannot sit down in that place, without a heart full of grateful reverence. I own to have said my grace at the table, and to have thanked heaven for this my English birthright, freely to partake of these bountiful books, and to speak the truth I find there. Under the dome which held Macaulay's brain, and from which his solemn eyes looked out on the world but a fortnight since, what a vast, brilliant, and wonderful store of learning was ranged! what strange lore would he not fetch for you at your bidding! A volume of law or history, a book of poetry familiar or forgotten (except by himself who forgot nothing), a novel ever so old, and he had it at hand. I spoke to him once about "*Clarissa*."<sup>13</sup> "Not read '*Clarissa*!'" he cried out. "If you have once thoroughly entered on '*Clarissa*' and are infected by it, you can't leave it. When I was in India I passed one hot season at the hills, and there were the Governor-General, and the Secretary of Government, and the Commander-in-Chief, and their wives. I had '*Clarissa*' with me; and, as soon as they began to read, the whole station was in a passion of excitement about Miss Harlowe and her misfortunes, and her scoundrelly Lovelace! The Governor's wife seized the book, and the Secretary waited for it, and the Chief Justice could not read it for tears!" He acted the whole scene: he paced up and down the

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12. **Domes of Peter's, etc.**—The dome of St. Peter's church in Rome is 195½ feet in diameter, 50 feet wider and 64 feet higher than that of St. Paul's in London. **Sophia**, church and mosque of Constantinople, with a dome 175 feet high. **Pantheon**, a Greek or Roman temple dedicated to all the gods. The Pantheon at Paris, celebrated for its fine dome, was built during the reign of Louis XIV.

13. **Clarissa**.—*Clarissa Harlowe* was written by Samuel Richardson (1689-1761). It is considered his best novel. Richardson's novels are of extraordinary length, and are rarely read at the present day. "*Clarissa*" was Macaulay's favorite romance. See Trevelyan, vol. 1, chap. xvi.

“Athenæum” library : I dare say he could have spoken pages of the book—of that book, and of what countless piles of others!

In this little paper let us keep to the text of *nil nisi bonum*. One paper I have read regarding Lord Macaulay says “he had no heart” Why, a man’s books may not always speak the truth, but they speak his mind in spite of himself: and it seems to me this man’s heart is beating through every page he penned. He is always in a storm of revolt and indignation against wrong, craft, tyranny. How he cheers heroic resistance; how he backs and applauds freedom struggling for its own; how he hates scoundrels, ever so victorious and successful; how he recognizes genius, though selfish villains possess it! The critic who says Macaulay had no heart, might say that Johnson had none: and two men more generous, and more loving, and more hating, and more partial, and more noble, do not live in our history. Those who knew Lord Macaulay knew how admirably tender and generous and affectionate he was. It was not his business to bring his family before the theatre footlights, and call for bouquets from the gallery as he wept over them.

If any young man of letters reads this little sermon—and to him, indeed, it is addressed—I would say to him, “Bear Scott’s words in your mind, and ‘*be good, my dear.*’” Here are two literary men gone to their account, and *laus Deo*, as far as we know, it is fair and open and clean. Here is no need of apologies for shortcomings, or explanations of vices which would have been virtuous but for unavoidable, etc. Here are two examples of men most differently gifted: each pursuing his calling; each speaking his truth as God bade him; each honest in his life; just and irreproachable in his dealings; dear to his friends; honored by his country; beloved at his fireside. It has been the fortunate lot of both to give incalculable happiness and delight to the world, which thanks them in return with an immense kindness, respect, affection. It may not be our chance, brother scribe, to be endowed with such merit, or rewarded with such fame. But the rewards of these men are rewards paid to *our service*. We may not win the bâton or epaulettes; but God give us strength to guard the honor of the flag!



# De Finibus.

(Concerning Conclusions.)

WHEN Swift<sup>1</sup> was in love with Stella, and despatching her a letter from London thrice a month by the Irish packet, you may remember how he would begin letter No. XXIII., we will say, on the very day when XXII. had been sent away, stealing out of the coffee-house or the assembly so as to be able to prattle with his dear; "never letting go her kind hand, as it were," as some commentator or other has said in speaking of the Dean and his amour. When Dr. Johnson,<sup>2</sup> walking to Dodsley's, and touching the posts in Pall Mall as he walked, forgot to pat the head of one of them, he went back and imposed his hands on it,—impelled I know not by what superstition. I have this I hope not dangerous mania too. As soon as a piece of work is out of hand, and before going to sleep, I like to begin another; it may be to write only half a dozen lines; but that is something towards Number the Next. The printer's boy has not yet reached Green Arbor Court<sup>3</sup> with the copy. Those people who were alive half an hour since, Pendennis,<sup>4</sup> Clive Newcome, and (what do you call him? what was the name of the last hero? I remember now!) Philip Firmin, have hardly drunk their glass of wine, and the manmas have only this minute got the children's cloaks on, and have been bowed out of my premises—and here I come back to the study again. How lonely it looks now all these people are gone! My dear good friends, some folks are utterly

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**Note.**—The following sketch has reference to the conclusion of *The Adventures of Philip*, the last complete work of Thackeray.

1. **Swift—Stella.**—Jonathan Swift (1667–1745), a racy and vigorous writer, author of *Gulliver's Travels*, was highly esteemed by Addison, Pope, and the great literary men of the time. His cruel treatment of two brilliant women, whom he has immortalized under the names of "Stella" and "Vanessa," is one of the saddest episodes in literary biography. Swift was a great master of English, and his letters to "Stella" are models of good English.

2. **Dr. Johnson, etc.**—This well-known incident in the life of Dr. Johnson is given in Boswell's *Life*. **Dodsley's** was the name of a bookseller whose shop was a literary resort. **Pall Mall.**—A street of palaces and fashionable club houses in London.

3. **Green Arbor Court.**—A court in London, frequently referred to in English literary history, especially in the days of Goldsmith and Dr. Johnson.

4. **Pendennis, Clive, etc.**—Characters in Thackeray's best-known novels. Others are mentioned in the succeeding lines,

tired of you, and say, "What a poverty of friends the man has! He is always asking us to meet those Pendennises, Newcomes, and so forth. Why does he not introduce us to some new characters? Why is he not thrilling like Twostars, learned and profound like Threestars, exquisitely humorous and human like Fourstars? Why, finally, is he not somebody else?" My good people, it is not only impossible to please you all, but it is absurd to try. The dish which one man devours, another dislikes. Is the dinner of to-day not to your taste? Let us hope to-morrow's entertainment will be more agreeable. \* \* I resume my original subject. What an odd, pleasant, humorous, melancholy feeling it is to sit in the study, alone and quiet, now all these people are gone who have been boarding and lodging with me for twenty months! They have interrupted my rest: they have plagued me at all sorts of minutes: they have thrust themselves upon me when I was ill, or wished to be idle, and I have growled out a "Be hanged to you, can't you leave me alone now?" Once or twice they have prevented my going out to dinner. Many and many a time they have prevented my coming home, because I knew they were there waiting in the study, and a plague take them! and I have left home and family, and gone to dine at the Club, and told nobody where I went. They have bored me, those people. They have plagued me at all sorts of uncomfortable hours. They have made such a disturbance in my mind<sup>5</sup> and house, that sometimes I have hardly known what was going on in my family, and scarcely have heard what my neighbor said to me. They are gone at last; and you would expect me to be at ease? Far from it. I should almost be glad if Woolcomb would walk in and talk to me: or Twysden reappear, take his place in that chair opposite me, and begin one of his tremendous stories.

Madmen, you know, see visions, hold conversations with, even draw the likeness of, people invisible to you and me. Is this making of people out of fancy madness? and are novel-writers

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5. **Disturbance in my Mind.**—Dickens often said that his characters used to haunt him while he was writing his novels. His story of the spell which his *Christmas Carol* wove round him during its composition is well known.

at all entitled to straight-waistcoats? I often forget people's names in life; and in my own stories contritely own that I make dreadful blunders regarding them; but I declare with respect to the personages introduced into your humble servant's fables, I know the people utterly—I know the sound of their voices. A gentleman came in to see me the other day who was so like the picture of Philip Firmin in Mr. Walker's charming drawings in the *Cornhill Magazine*, that he was quite a curiosity to me. The same eyes, beard, shoulders, just as you have seen them from month to month. Well, he is not like the Philip Firmin in my mind. Asleep, asleep in the grave, lies the bold, the generous, the reckless, the tender-hearted creature whom I have made to pass through those adventures which have just been brought to an end. It is years since I heard the laughter ringing, or saw the bright blue eyes. When I knew him both were young. I become young as I think of him. And this morning he was alive again in this room, ready to laugh, to fight, or to weep. As I write, do you know, it is the gray of the evening; the house is quiet; everybody is out; the room is getting a little dark, and I look rather wistfully up from the paper with perhaps ever so little fancy that *he may come in*.—— No? No movement. No gray shade, growing more palpable, out of which at last look the well-known eyes. No, the printer came and took him away with the last page of the proofs. And with the printer's boy did the whole cortège of ghosts flit away, invisible? Ha! stay! what is this? Angels and ministers of grace! The door opens, and a dark form enters, bearing a black—a black suit of clothes. It is John. He says it is time to dress for dinner.

Every man who has had his German tutor, and has been coached through the famous "Faust" of Goethe<sup>6</sup> (thou wert my instructor, good old Weissenborn, and these eyes beheld the great master himself in dear little Weimar town!) has read those

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6. **Goethe**.—(1749—1832). The acknowledged prince of German poets and one of the mostly highly-gifted men of the eighteenth century. "Faust" was his masterpiece. The charming verses referred to are in the Dedication, and thus begin:

Dim forms, ye hover near, a shadowy train.  
As erst upon my troubled sight ye stole.

charming verses which are prefixed to the drama, in which the poet reverts to the time when his work was first composed, and recalls the friends now departed, who once listened to his song. The dear shadows rise up around him, he says; he lives in the past again. It is to-day which appears vague and visionary. We humbler writers cannot create Fausts or raise up monumental works that shall endure for all ages; but our books are diaries, in which our own feelings must of necessity be set down. As we look to the page written last month, or ten years ago, we remember the day and its events; the child ill, mayhap, in the adjoining room, and the doubts and fears which racked the brain as it still pursued its work; the dear old friend who read the commencement of the tale, and whose gentle hand shall be laid in ours no more. I own for my part that, in reading pages which this hand penned formerly, I often lose sight of the text under my eyes. It is not the words I see; but that past day; that by-gone page of life's history; that tragedy, comedy it may be, which our little home company was enacting; that merry-making which we shared; that funeral which we followed; that bitter, bitter grief which we buried.

Another *Finis* written. Another mile-stone passed on this journey from birth to the next world! Sure it is a subject for solemn cogitation. Shall we continue this story-telling business, and be voluble to the end of our age? Will it not be presently time, O prattler, to hold your tongue, and let younger people speak? I have a friend, a painter, who, like other persons who shall be nameless, is growing old. He has never painted with such laborious finish as his works now show. This master is still the most humble and diligent of scholars. Of Art, his mistress, he is always an eager, reverent pupil. In his calling, in yours, in mine, industry and humility will help and comfort us. A word with you. In a pretty large experience I have not found the men who write books superior in wit or learning to those who don't write at all. In regard of mere information, non-writers must often be superior to writers. You don't expect a lawyer in full practice to be conversant with all kinds of literature; he is too busy with his law; and so a writer is commonly

too busy with his own books to be able to bestow attention on the works of other people. After a day's work I march to the Club, proposing to improve my mind and keep myself "posted up," as the Americans phrase it, with the literature of the day. And what happens? Given, a walk after luncheon, a pleasing book, and a most comfortable arm-chair by the fire, and you know the rest. A doze ensues. Pleasing book drops suddenly, is picked up once with an air of some confusion, is laid presently softly in lap: head falls on comfortable arm-chair cushion: eyes close: soft nasal music is heard. Am I telling Club secrets? Of afternoons, after lunch, I say, scores of sensible fogies have a doze. Perhaps I have fallen asleep over that very book to which "Finis" has just been written. "And if the writer sleeps, what happens to the readers?" says Jones, coming down upon me with his lightning wit. What? You *did* sleep over it? And a very good thing too. These eyes have more than once seen a friend dozing over pages which this hand has written. There is a vignette somewhere in one of my books of a friend so caught napping with "Pendennis," or the "Newcomes," in his lap; and if a writer can give you a sweet-soothing, harmless sleep, has he not done you a kindness? So is the author who excites and interests you worthy of your thanks and benedictions. I am troubled with fever and ague, that seizes me at odd intervals and prostrates me for a day. In one or two of these fits I have read novels with the most fearful contentment of mind. Once on the Mississippi, it was my dearly beloved "Jacob Faithful," once at Frankfort O. M., the delightful "Vingt Ans Après" of Monsieur Dumas: once at Tunbridge Wells, the thrilling "Woman in White:" and these books gave me amusement from morning till sunset. I remember those ague fits with a great deal of pleasure and gratitude. Think of a whole day in bed, and a good novel for a companion. No cares: no remorse about idleness: no visitors: and the Woman in White or the Chevalier d'Artagnan to tell me stories from dawn to night! "Please, ma'am, my mas-

7. "Jacob Faithful," etc.—One of Capt. Marryat's popular sea novels. "Vingt Ans Après," "Twenty Years After," the title of one of Dumas' romances. "Woman in White," one of Wilkie Collins's highly-wrought novels. Tunbridge Wells, a fashionable English watering-place.

ter's compliments, and can he have the third volume?"<sup>8</sup> (This message was sent to an astonished friend and neighbor who lent me, volume by volume, the *W. in W.*) How do you like your novels? I like mine strong, "hot with," and no mistake: no love-making: no observations about society: little dialogue except where the characters are bullying each other: plenty of fighting: and a villain in the cupboard, who is to suffer tortures just before *Finis*. I don't like your melancholy *Finis*. I never read the history of a consumptive heroine twice. In the story of Philip, just come to an end, I have the permission of the author to state that he was going to drown the two villains of the piece—a certain Dr. F—— and a certain Mr. T. H—— on board the "President"<sup>9</sup> or some other tragic ship—but you see I relented. I pictured to myself Firmin's ghastly face, amid the crowd of shuddering people on that reeling deck in the lonely ocean, and thought, "Thou ghastly lying wretch, thou shalt not be drowned; thou shalt have a fever only; a knowledge of thy danger; and a chance—ever so small a chance—of repentance." I wonder whether he *did* repent when he found himself in the yellow-fever, in Virginia? The probability is, he fancied that his son had injured him very much, and forgave him on his death-bed. Do you imagine there's a great deal of genuine right-down remorse in the world? Don't people rather find excuses which make their minds easy; endeavor to prove to themselves that they have been lamentably belied and misunderstood; and try and forgive the persecutors who *will* present that bill when it is due; and not bear malice against the cruel ruffian who takes them to the police-office for stealing the spoons?

Alexandre Dumas<sup>10</sup> describes himself, when inventing the plan of a work, as lying silent on his back for two whole days on the deck of a yacht in a Mediterranean port. At the end of the two days he arose and called for dinner. In those two days he

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8. **Third Volume.**—English publishers commonly publish novels in three volumes at a price which would be considered exorbitant in this country.

9. "**President.**"—The steamer "President" sailed March 11, 1841, from New York for Liverpool with many passengers on board. The vessel encountered a terrific storm two days after leaving port and was never seen afterwards.

10. **Alexander Dumas.**—1803-1870. A celebrated French novelist, author of *Count of Monte Cristo*, *La Reine Margot*, etc.

had built his plot. He had moulded a mighty clay, to be cast presently in perennial brass. The chapters, the characters, the incidents, the combinations were all arranged in the artist's brain ere he set a pen to paper. My Pegasus won't fly, so as to let me survey the field below me. He has no wings, he is blind of one eye certainly, he is restive, stubborn, slow; crops a hedge when he ought to be galloping, or gallops when he ought to be quiet. He never will show off when I want him. Sometimes, he goes at a pace which surprises me. Sometimes, when I most wish him to make the running, the brute turns restive, and I am obliged to let him take his own time. I wonder do other novel-writers experience this fatalism? They *must* go a certain way, in spite of themselves. I have been surprised at the observations made by some of my characters. It seems as if an occult Power was moving the pen. The personage does or says something, and I ask, how did he come to think of that? Every man has remarked in dreams, the vast dramatic power which is sometimes evinced; I won't say the surprising power, for nothing does surprise you in dreams. But those strange characters you meet make instant observations of which you never can have thought previously. In like manner, the imagination foretells things. We spake anon of the inflated style of some writers. What also if there is an *affluted* style—, when a writer is like a Pythoness on her oracle tripod, and mighty words, words which he cannot help, come blowing and bellowing and whistling and moaning through the speaking pipes of his bodily organ. I have told you it was a very queer shock to me the other day when, with a letter of introduction in his hand, the artist's (not my) Philip Firmin walked into this room, and sat down in the chair opposite. In the novel of "Pendennis," written ten years ago, there is an account of a certain Costigan, whom I had invented (as I suppose authors invent their personages out of scraps, heel-taps, odds and ends of characters). I was smoking in a tavern parlor one night—and this Costigan came into the room alive—the very man:—the most remarkable resemblance of the printed sketches of the man, of the rude drawings in which I had depicted him. He had the same little coat, the same battered hat,

cocked on one eye, the same twinkle in that eye. "Sir," said I, knowing him to be an old friend whom I had met in unknown regions, "sir," I said, "may I offer you a glass of brandy-and-water?" "*Bedad, ye may,*" says he, "*and I'll sing ye a song tu.*" Of course he spoke with an Irish brogue. Of course he had been in the army. In ten minutes he pulled out an Army Agent's account, whereon his name was written. A few months after we read of him in a police court. How had I come to know him, to divine him? Nothing shall convince me that I have not seen that man in the world of spirits. In the world of spirits-and-water I know I did: but that is a mere quibble of words. I was not surprised when he spoke in an Irish brogue. I had had cognizance of him before somehow. Who has not felt that little shock which arises when a person, a place, some words in a book present themselves to you, and you know that you have before met the same person, words, scene, and so forth?

They used to call the good Sir Walter the "Wizard of the North." What if some writer should appear who can write so *enchantly* that he shall be able to call into actual life the people whom he invents? What if Mignon,<sup>11</sup> and Margaret, and Goetz von Berlichingen<sup>12</sup> are alive now (though I don't say they are visible), and Dugald Dalgetty<sup>13</sup> and Ivanhoe were to step in at that open window by the little garden yonder? Suppose Uncas<sup>14</sup> and our noble old Leather Stocking were to glide silent in? And dearest Amelia Booth,<sup>15</sup> on Uncle Toby's arm; and

11. **Mignon.**—A beautiful Italian girl in love with Wilhelm, her protector, a character in Goethe's *Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship*. **Margaret**, the heroine of Goethe's *Faust*.

12. **Goetz von Berlichingen**, or Gottfried of the Iron Hand, a warlike hero of the sixteenth century. Goethe had made him the title and subject of an historical drama.

13. **Dugald Dalgetty.**—One of Scott's great characters, from his novel of *The Legend of Montrose*. **Ivanhoe**, the hero of Scott's novel of the same name.

14. **Uncas.**—Deerfoot. A character introduced into three of Cooper's novels, viz., *The Last of the Mohicans*, *The Pathfinder* and *The Pioneer*. **Leather Stocking**, nickname of Natty Bumppo, in Cooper's novel of *The Pioneer*.

15. **Amelia Booth.**—The heroine and model of conjugal affection in Fielding's novel of *Amelia*. Dr. Johnson called her the most pleasing heroine of all the romances. **Uncle Toby**, a quaint character from Sterne's *Tristram Shandy*. **Tittebat Titmouse**, a linen draper's apprentice who had come into a large fortune, a character in Warren's *Ten Thousand a Year*.



Titlebat Titmouse, with his hair dyed green; and all the Crummles<sup>16</sup> company of comedians, with the Gil Blas troop; and Sir Roger de Coverley; and the greatest of all crazy gentlemen, the Knight of La Mancha, with his blessed squire? I say to you, I look rather wistfully towards the window, musing upon these people. Were any of them to enter, I think I should not be very much frightened. Dear old friends, what pleasant hours I have had with them! We do not see each other very often, but when we do we are ever happy to meet. I had a capital half-hour with Jacob Faithful last night; when the last sheet was corrected, when "Finis" had been written, and the printer's boy, with the copy, was safe in Green Arbor Court.

So you are gone, little printer's boy, with the last scratches and corrections on the proof, and a fine flourish by way of Finis at the story's end. The last corrections? I say those last corrections seem never to be finished. A plague upon the weeds! Every day, when I walk in my own little literary garden-plot, I spy some, and should like to have a spud,<sup>17</sup> and root them out. Those idle words, neighbor, are past remedy. That turning back to the old pages produces anything but elation of mind. Would you not pay a pretty fine to be able to cancel some of them? Oh, the sad old pages, the dull old pages! Oh, the cares, the *ennui*, the squabbles, the repetitions, the old conversations over and over again! But now and again a kind thought is recalled, and now and again a dear memory. Yet a few chapters more, and then the last: after which, behold Finis itself come to an end, and the Infinite begun.

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16. **Crummles Company.**—An itinerant theatrical company described in Dickens's *Nicholas Nickleby*. *Gil Blas*, a celebrated Spanish novel by Le Sage. **Sir Roger de Coverley**, the grand old English knight who figures in Addison's *Spectator*. **Knight of La Mancha**, Don Quixote, the hero of Cervantes's romance of the same name. Sancho Panza was his "blessed squire."

17. **Spud.**—Dan. *spyd*, a spear; coincides with spit. A tool somewhat like a chisel, with a long handle, used by farmers for destroying weeds.

### On Letts's Diary.

MINE is one of your No. 12 diaries, three shillings cloth boards; silk limp, gilt edges, three-and-six; French morocco, tuck ditto, four-and six. It has two pages, ruled with faint lines for memoranda, for every week, and a ruled account at the end, for the twelve months from January to December, where you may set down your incomings and your expenses. I hope yours, my respected reader, are large; that there are many fine round sums of figures on each side of the page: liberal on the expenditure side, greater still on the receipt. I hope, sir, you will be "a better man," as they say, in '62 than in this moribund '61, whose career of life is just coming to its terminus. A better man in purse? in body? in soul's health? Amen, good sir, in all. Who is there so good in mind, body or estate, but bettering won't still be good for him? O unknown Fate, presiding over next year, if you will give me better health, a better appetite, a better digestion, a better income, a better temper in '62 than you have bestowed in '61, I think your servant will be the better for the changes. For instance, I should be the better for a new coat. This one, I acknowledge, is very old. The family says so. My good friend, who amongst us would not be the better if he would give up some old habits? Yes, yes. You agree with me. You take the allegory? Alas! at our time of life we don't like to give up those old habits, do we? It is ill to change. There is the good old loose, easy, slovenly bedgown, laziness, for example. What man of sense likes to fling it off and put on a tight prim dress-coat that pinches him? There is the cozy wraprascal, self-indulgence—how easy it is! How warm! How it always seems to fit! You can walk out in it; you can go down to dinner in it. It is a little slatternly—it is a good deal stained—it isn't becoming—it smells of cigar-smoke; but—let the world call me idle and sloven. I love my ease better than my neighbor's opinion. I live to please myself; not you, Mr. Dandy, with your supercilious airs. I am a philosopher. Perhaps I live in my tub,<sup>1</sup>

1. **In my Tub.**—Diogenes, the Greek philosopher, is said to have lived in a tub.

and don't make any other use of it——. We won't pursue further this unsavory metaphor.

Ah me! Every person who turns this page over has his own little diary, in paper or ruled in his memory tablets, and in which are set down the transactions of the now dying year. Boys and men, we have our calendar, mothers and maidens. For example, in your calendar pocket-book, my good Eliza, what a sad, sad day that is—how fondly and bitterly remembered—when your boy went off to his regiment, to India, to danger, to battle perhaps. What a day was that last day at home, when the tall brother sat yet amongst the family, the little ones round about him wondering at saddle-boxes, uniforms, sword-cases, gun-cases, and other wondrous apparatus of war and travel which poured in and filled the hall; the new dressing-case for the beard not yet grown; the great sword-case at which little brother Tom looks so admiringly! What a dinner that was, that last dinner, when little and grown children assembled together, and all tried to be cheerful! What a night was that last night, when the young ones were at roost for the last time together under the same roof, and the mother lay alone in her chamber counting the fatal hours as they tolled one after another, amidst her tears, her watching, her fond prayers. What a night that was, and yet how quickly the melancholy dawn came! Only too soon the sun rose over the houses. And now in a moment more the city seemed to wake. The house began to stir. The family gathers together for the last meal. For the last time in the midst of them the widow kneels amongst her kneeling children, and falters a prayer in which she commits her dearest, her eldest born, to the care of the Father of all. O night, what tears you hide—what prayers you hear! And so the nights pass and the days succeed, until that one comes when tears and parting shall be no more.

In your diary, as in mine, there are days marked with sadness, not for this year only, but for all. On a certain day—and the sun, perhaps, shining ever so brightly—the house-mother comes down to her family with a sad face, which scares the children round about in the midst of their laughter and prattle. They

may have forgotten—but she has not—a day which came, twenty years ago it may be, and which she remembered only too well: the long night-watch; the dreadful dawning and the rain beating at the pane; the infant speechless, but moaning in its little crib; and then the awful calm, the awful smile on the sweet cherub face, when the cries have ceased, and the little suffering breast heaves no more. Then the children, as they see their mother's face, remember this was the day on which their little brother died. It was before they were born: but she remembers it. And as they pray together, it seems almost as if the spirit of the little lost one was hovering round the group. So they pass away: friends, kindred, the dearest-loved, grown people, aged, infants. As we go on the down-hill journey, the mile-stones are grave-stones, and on each more and more names are written; unless haply you live beyond man's common age, when friends have dropped off, and, tottering, and feeble, and unpitied, you reach the terminus alone.

In this past year's diary is there any precious day noted on which you have made a new friend? This is a piece of good fortune bestowed but grudgingly on the old. After a certain age a new friend is a wonder, like Sarah's child.<sup>2</sup> Aged persons are seldom capable of bearing friendships. Do you remember how warmly you loved Jack and Tom when you were at school; what a passionate regard you had for Ned when you were at college, and the immense letters you wrote each other? How often do you write, now that postage costs nothing? There is the age of blossoms and sweet budding green: the age of generous summer; the autumn when the leaves drop; and then winter, shivering and bare. Quick, children, and sit at my feet: for they are cold, very cold: and it seems as if neither wine nor worsted will warm 'em.

In this past year's diary is there any dismal day noted in which you have lost a friend? In mine there is. I do not mean by death. Those who are gone you have. Those who departed loving you, love you still; and you love them always. They are

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2. **Sarah's Child.**—Sarah, the wife of the patriarch, Abraham, bare him in her old age Isaac, "the child of promise." See *Genesis*, ch. xii—xxiii.

not really gone, those dear hearts and true; they are only gone into the next room; and you will presently get up and follow them, and yonder door will close upon *you*, and you will be no more seen.

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### The Last Sketch.

NOT many days since I went to visit a house where in former years I had received many a friendly welcome. We went into the owner's—an artist's—studio. Prints, pictures and sketches hung on the walls as I had last seen and remembered them. The implements of the painter's art were there. The light which had shone upon so many, many hours of patient and cheerful toil, poured through the northern window upon print and bust, lay figure and sketch, and upon the easel before which the good, the gentle, the beloved Leslie<sup>1</sup> labored. In this room the busy brain had devised, and the skilful hand executed, I know not how many of the noble works which have delighted the world with their beauty and charming humor. Here the poet called up into pictorial presence, and informed with life, grace, beauty, infinite friendly mirth and wondrous naturalness of expression, the people of whom his dear books told him the stories,—his Shakspeare, his Cervantes, his Molière, his Le Sage. There was his last work on the easel—a beautiful fresh smiling shape of Titania, such as his sweet guileless fancy imagined the *Midsummer Night's* queen to be. Gracious, and pure, and bright, the sweet smiling image glimmers on the canvas. Fairy elves, no doubt, were to have been grouped around their mistress in laughing clusters. Honest Bottom's grotesque head and form are indicated as reposing by the side of the consummate beauty. The darkling forest would have grown around them, with the stars glittering from the midsummer sky: the flowers at the queen's feet, and the boughs and foliage about her, would have been peopled with

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1. **The beloved Leslie.**—Charles Robert Leslie (1794–1859), a distinguished English artist, whose principal pictures are embodiments of scenes from the works of great classical authors—Shakspeare, Cervantes, and Fielding.

gamboling sprites and fays. They were dwelling in the artist's mind no doubt, and would have been developed by that patient, faithful, admirable genius: but the busy brain stopped working, the skillful hand fell lifeless, the loving, honest heart ceased to beat. What was she to have been—that fair Titania—when perfected by the patient skill of the poet, who in imagination saw the sweet innocent figure, and with tender courtesy and caresses, as it were, posed and shaped and traced the fair form? Is there record kept anywhere of fancies conceived, beautiful, unborn? Some day will they assume form in some yet undeveloped light? If our bad unspoken thoughts are registered against us, and are written in the awful account, will not the good thoughts unspoken, the love and tenderness, the pity, beauty, charity, which pass through the breast, and cause the heart to throb with silent good, find a remembrance too? A few weeks more, and this lovely offspring of the poet's conception would have been complete—to charm the world with its beautiful mirth. May there not be some sphere unknown to us where it may have an existence? They say our words, once out of our lips, go traveling *in omne ævum*,\* reverberating for ever and ever. If our words, why not our thoughts? If the Has Been, why not the Might Have Been?

Some day our spirits may be permitted to walk in galleries of fancies more wondrous and beautiful than any achieved works which at present we see, and our minds to behold and delight in masterpieces which poets' and artists' minds have fathered and conceived only.

With a feeling much akin to that with which I looked upon the friend's—the admirable artist's—unfinished work, I can fancy many readers turning to the last pages which were traced by Charlotte Brontë's<sup>2</sup> hand. Of the multitude that have read her books, who has not known and deplored the tragedy of her

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2. **Charlotte Brontë**.—A distinguished novelist (1816-1855), made famous by her novel of *Jane Eyre*, published in 1847. Her two sisters, Emily and Anne, also wrote several works of fiction, now rarely read. Charlotte married her father's curate, Mr. Nicholls. Mrs. Gaskell's *Life of Charlotte Brontë* is a standard biography. These gifted sisters were great admirers of Thackeray's writings.

\* For all time,

family, her own most sad and untimely fate? Which of her readers has not become her friend? Who that has known her books has not admired the artist's noble English, the burning love of truth, the bravery, the simplicity, the indignation at wrong, the eager sympathy, the pious love and reverence, the passionate honor, so to speak, of the woman? What a story is that of that family of poets in their solitude yonder on the gloomy northern moors! At nine o'clock at night, Mrs. Gaskell tells, after evening prayers, when their guardian and relative had gone to bed, the three poetesses—the three maidens, Charlotte, and Emily, and Anne—Charlotte being the “motherly friend and guardian to the other two”—began, like restless wild animals, to pace up and down their parlor, ‘making out’ their wonderful stories, talking over plans and projects, and thoughts of what was to be their future life.

One evening, at the close of 1854, as Charlotte Nicholls sat with her husband by the fire, listening to the howling of the wind about the house, she suddenly said to her husband, “If you had not been with me, I must have been writing now.” She ran up stairs, and brought down, and read aloud, the beginning of a new tale. When she had finished, her husband remarked, “The critics will accuse you of repetition.” She replied, “Oh! I shall alter that. I always begin two or three times before I can please myself.” But it was not to be. The trembling little hand was to write no more. The heart newly awakened to love and happiness, and throbbing with maternal hope, was soon to cease to beat; that intrepid outspoker and champion of truth, that eager, impetuous redresser of wrong, was to be called out of the world's fight and struggle, to lay down the shining arms, and to be removed to a sphere where even a noble indignation *cor ulterius nequit lacerare*,\* and where truth complete, and right triumphant, no longer need to wage war.

I can only say of this lady, *vidi tantum*.† I saw her first just as I rose out of an illness from which I had never thought to recover. I remember the trembling little frame, the little hand,

\* Was no longer able to rend her heart.

† I have merely seen her.

the great honest eyes. An impetuous honesty seemed to me to characterize the woman. Twice I recollect she took me to task for what she held to be errors in doctrine. Once about Fielding<sup>3</sup> we had a disputation. She spoke her mind out. She jumped too rapidly to conclusions. She formed conclusions that might be wrong, and built up whole theories of character upon them. New to the London world, she entered it with an independent, indomitable spirit of her own; and judged of contemporaries, and especially spied out arrogance or affectation, with extraordinary keenness of vision. She was angry with her favorites if their conduct or conversation fell below her ideal. Often she seemed to me to be judging the London folk prematurely: but perhaps the city is rather angry at being judged. I fancied an austere little Joan of Arc<sup>4</sup> marching in upon us, and rebuking our easy lives, our easy morals. She gave me the impression of being a very pure, and lofty, and high-minded person. A great and holy reverence of right and truth seemed to be with her always. Such, in our brief interview, she appeared to me. As one thinks of that life so noble, so lonely—of that passion for truth—of those nights and nights of eager study, swarming fancies, invention, depression, elation, prayer; as one reads the necessarily incomplete, though most touching and admirable history of the heart that throbbed in this one little frame—of this one amongst the myriads of souls that have lived and died on this great earth—this great earth?—this little speck in the infinite universe of God,—with what wonder do we think of to-day, with what awe await to-morrow, when that which is now but darkly seen shall be clear! As I read this little fragmentary sketch, I think of the rest. Is it? And where is it? Will not the leaf be turned some day, and the story be told? Shall the de-vi-ser of the tale somewhere perfect the history of little EMMA's<sup>5</sup> griefs and troubles? Shall TITANIA come forth complete with her

3. **Fielding**.—Henry Fielding (1707-1754), the famous English novelist.

4. **Joan of Arc**.—Known as the "Maid of Orleans," born in 1412, and burnt at the stake in 1431.

5. **Little Emma**.—Like Thackeray and Dickens, Charlotte Brontë left a work unfinished by her sudden death.



sportive court, with the flowers at her feet, the forest around her, and all the stars of summer glittering overhead?

How well I remember the delight, and wonder, and pleasure with which I read "Jane Eyre," sent to me by an author whose name and sex were then alike unknown to me; the strange fascinations of the book; and how with my own work pressing upon me, I could not, having taken the volumes up, lay them down until they were read through! Hundreds of those who, like myself, recognized and admired that master-work of a great genius, will look with a mournful interest and regard and curiosity upon the last fragmentary sketch from the noble hand which wrote "Jane Eyre."

## SELECTIONS FROM THACKERAY TO COMMIT TO MEMORY.

Was there ever a better charity sermon preached in the world than Dickens's "Christmas Carol"?

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The best humor is that which contains most humanity—that which is flavored throughout with tenderness and kindness.

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SOME people cannot drive to happiness with four horses and others can reach the goal on foot.

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It is remarkable of manliness that I know of no soldier exempt from the tax of being strong, powerful, and weakless; of respecting age, and of honoring his father and mother.

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By pushing steadily some hundred and a very many people in a thimble and will yield to you only a hundred persons; and you may be pretty sure that a good number will obey. Take the maxim to heart, follow it through life!

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THERE is no man that writes so gently and so better than Joseph Addison—gentle in his bearing toward his friends and courteous to our neighbors; gentle in dealing with his failures and weaknesses; gentle in treating his opponents; differential to the rich and kind to the poor.

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HAVE a good heaven! I still feel, ready to be thankful to this kind friend, Charles Dickens, who has comforted and cheered so many hours; brought pleasure and solace to the poor; so many names have made such multitudes of children happy; and welled with such a constant stream of gracious thoughts, fair fancies, sympathetic, hearty enjoyment!

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THINK of him, Oliver Goldsmith, reckless, thriftless, vain if you like—but warm, generous, good, full of love and joy. He passes out of our life, and we forget him; but he cannot be forgotten. Think of the poor penitents weeping at his grave; think of the noble spirits that admired and inspired him; think of the great names that wrote his epitaph—and of the warm-iron and masculine test now of old time with which the world has paid back the love he gave it. His humor is still in us; still his eyes fresh and beautiful as when first he glared with fresh word in all our faces; his very weaknesses beloved and familiar—his headstrong spirit still seems to smile upon us; to do gentle kindness; to smile with sweet charity; to soothe, caress, and forgive; to plead with the fortunate for the unhappy and the poor.

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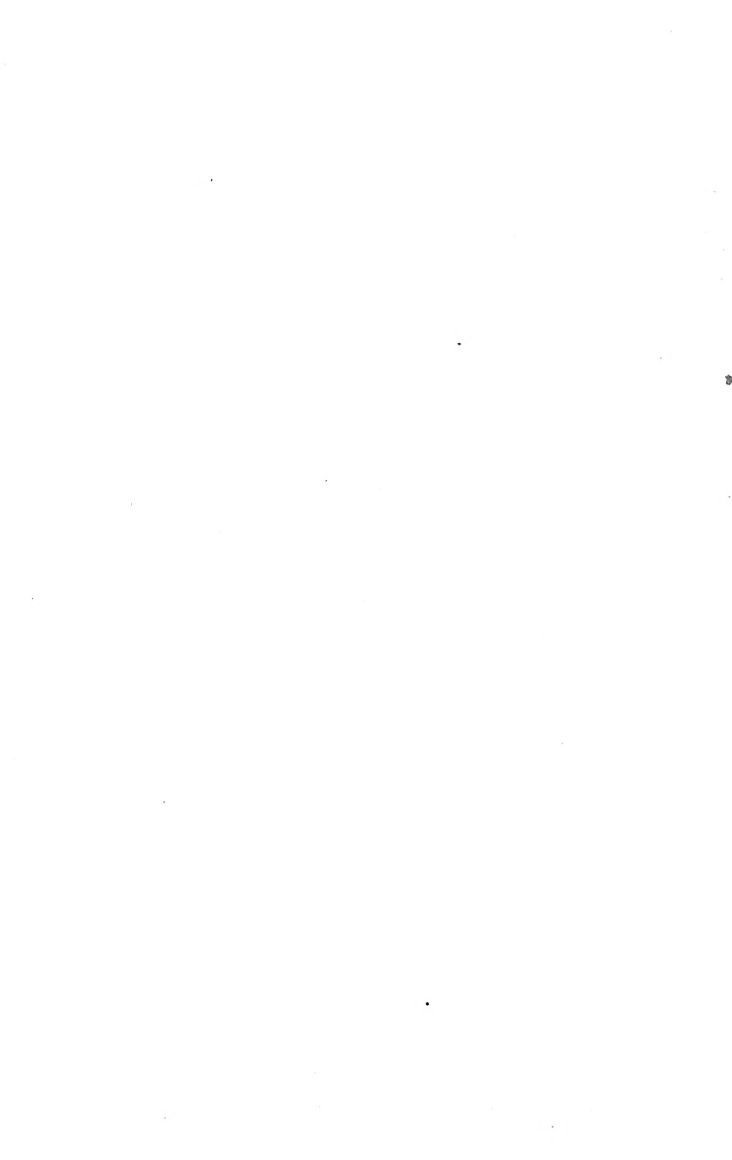
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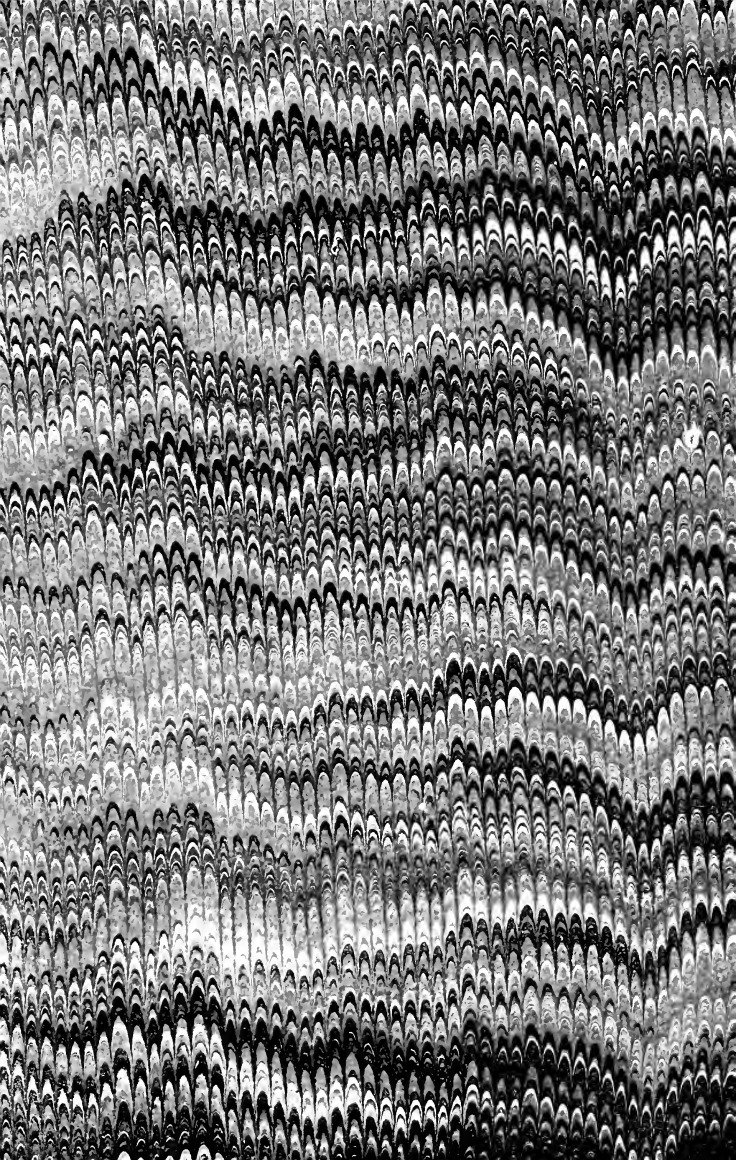
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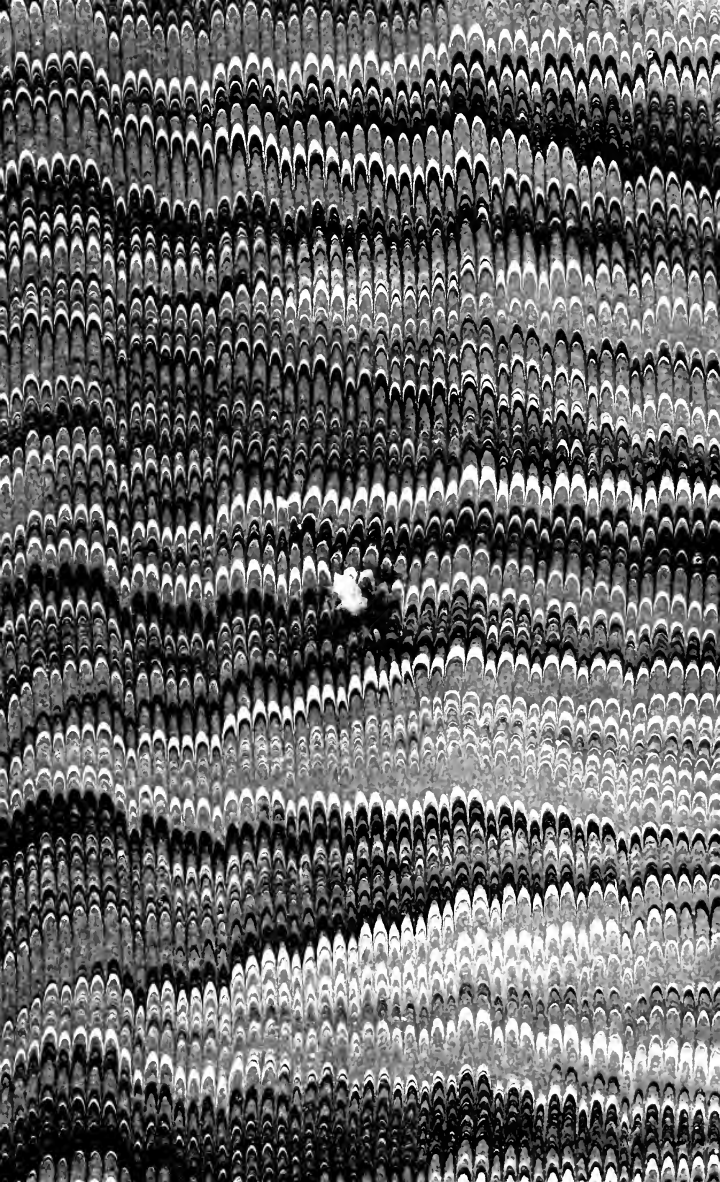












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